THE FOOLISH POET PRESS LTD.

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PART 2

THE DYMPHNA POEMS - SERIES 02

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2025

RECOVERING FROM POETRY

DAVID SCANLON

POETRY

“Be like the bird, posed for a silent moment
Upon branches too frail,
Who feels the branch give way and yet sings
Knowing she has wings!”

Victor Hugo (1834 [1835]) From the Poem XXXIII Dans l'église de *** in Les Chants du Crépuscule. J Hetzel; Paris. (Translation David Scanlon (Nov 2024))

“Everything ephemeral
For you is just allegory:
What feeble inadequacy,
This is the only reality;
The indescribableness,
That is us going on;
The eternal-her-ness
Which draws you on.”

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1832) Faust - Part 2 - Final act. Chorus Mysticus - Final words. Nachgelassene Werke. Eckermann and Friedrich Wilhelm Riemer; Stuttgart. (Translation David Scanlon (2024))

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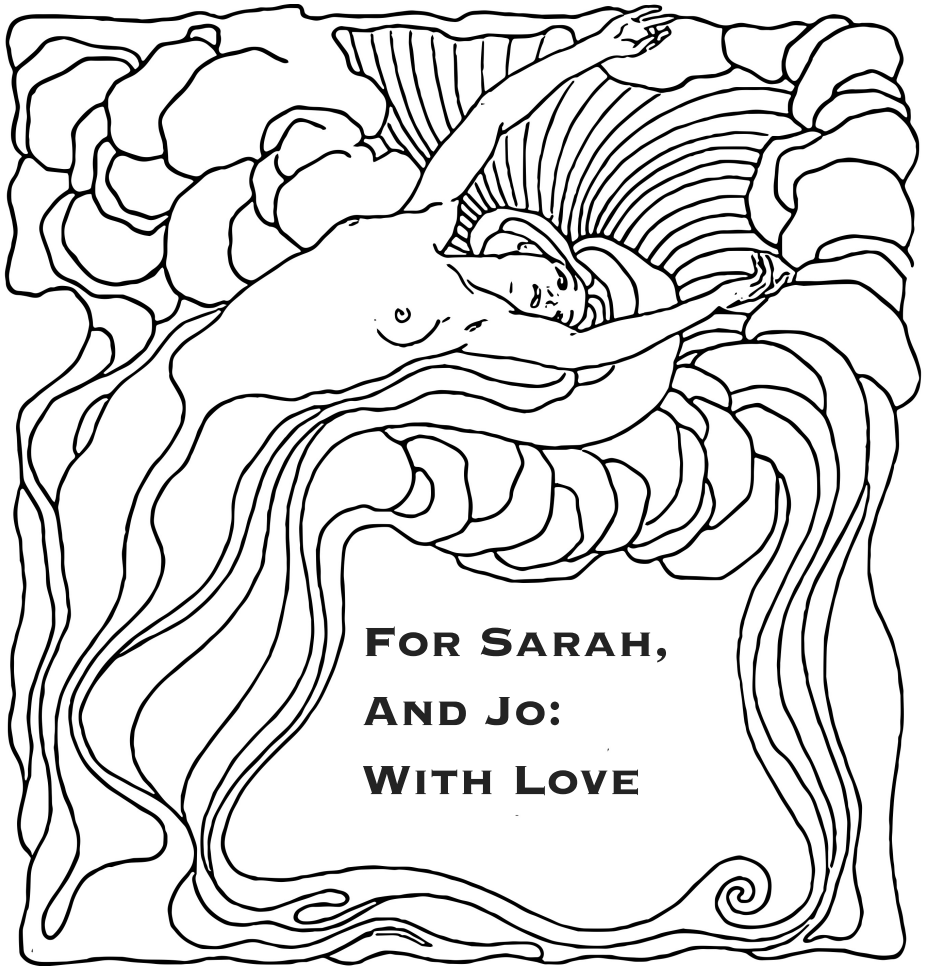

RECOVERING FROM POeTRY

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ALSO KNOWN AS

David Scanlon (2025) The Dymphna Poems. Foolish Poet Press; Wilmslow.

INSPIRING WORDS OF OTHERS

Booklist of Inspiring words that inspired more words (2025) - Open Library

Victor Hugo (1834 [1835]) From the Poem XXXIII Dans l'église de *** in Les Chants du Crépuscule. J Hetzel; Paris. Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1832) Faust - Part 2 - Final act. Chorus Mysticus - Final words. Nachgelassene Werke. Eckermann and Friedrich Wilhelm Riemer; Stuttgart. Poem 1 - John O'Donohue (1994) From Beannacht a poem in Echoes of Memory. Transworld Publishing; London. Poem 2 - Robert Bridges (1919) The Spirit of Man. Longman's Green & Co; London. C.S. Lewis (1941) The Screwtape Letters. The Guardian; May to November. Poem 3 - Harold Bloom (2005) Poets and poems. Chelsea House Publishers; Philadelphia. Poem 4 - Fernando Pessoa (1919) From Sonnet II in 35 Sonnets. Monteiro & Co; Lisbon. Poem 5 - John Keats (1818) From the Poem Endymion. Taylor and Hessey; London. Oscar Wilde (1890 [1921]) The True Function and Value of Criticism; with some Remarks on the Importance of doing Nothing: A Dialogue (concluded). Nineteenth Century, VoL XXVIII. No. 163. Poem 6 - C.G. Jung (1916) Psychology of the Unconscious. Moffat, Yard and Company; New York. (page 121). Nikos Kazantzakis (1965) Report to Greco. Translated from the Greek by P.A. Bien. Simon and Schuster; New York. Poem 7 - Geoffrey Grigson (1975) W.H. Auden - A Tribute: Edited by Stephen Spender. MacMillan; New York. Primo Levi (1986) The Drowned and the Saved. Summit Books; New York. Abraham (A.H.) Maslow (1965) Isomorphic Interrelationship between Knower and Known. In Kepes, G. (Ed). Sign, Image and Symbol. Brasiller; New York. Poem 9 - Nick Cave (2022) Faith, Hope and Carnage. Canongate; Edinburgh. Poem 10 - W.S. Graham (1944) From The Narrator in The Seven Journeys. William MacLellan; Glasgow. Poem 11 - David Whyte (2008) Looking Out From Clare - For John O'Donohue. Poem 12 - John Keats (1817) The Letters of John Keats, ed. by H E Rollins, 2 vols (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1958), i, pp. 193–4. Poem 13 - David Scanlon (2022) Homeward bound; songs along the way. The Foolish Poet Press; Wilmslow. The Hestia Poems - Poem No 04. Poem 14 - John Ruskin (1883) LECTURE I; OF WISDOM AND FOLLY IN ART (8th February, 1872.). The eagle's nest : ten lectures on the relation of natural science to art. Maynard, Merrill, & co; New York. Poem 15 -Paul Eluard (1947) From Je Parle De Ce Qui Est Bien (I Speak About What is Good) in A Pablo Picasso. Martin Secker and Warburg; London. (Translated David Scanlon (2025). Poem 18 - Aldo Leopold (1949) From 'December: Pines above the Snow' in A Sand Country Almanac. A Sierra Club; New York. Page 86. Poem 19 -Jane Kenyon (2007) From the Poem The Evening Sun in Collected Poems. Graywolf Press; Minneapolis. Aldous Huxley (1963) Island. Bantam Books; New York. Poem 20 -Friedrich Nietzsche (1886) Jenseits von Gut und Böse - Erstes Hauptstück. Von den Vorurteilen der Philosophen (Beyond Good and Evil - On the Prejudices of Philosophers.) - Part 5. C. G. Naumann; Liepzig. (Translation David Scanlon (2021)). Poem 21 -V. Sackville-West (1946) from the dedication in The Garden. Micheal Joseph Limited; London.

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2025

Also By The Same Author

The Poet, The Prisoner & The Fool
Poetry For Business: Fired By Passion
Poetry For Business: Continuing Conversations
Speak Of Love: Continuing Conversations
Love Will Set You Free
The Poetry Of Life: Seeing Again
Staying Connected
Timeless Truths
Locked Down With Loves Freedom
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Asceticism - Nikos Kazantzakis
Transfixing Poetry - Quarterly Poetry Collections

IN FRIENDSHIP WE ARE FREE

For my friends; who gently and kindly respond each day now!

Each day, the mystery of your responses, reveals
Another memory, another friend, and again I feel -
Feel the joys of those who love, and care for me:
For in the kindness of our words we show;
In the patience, born of friendship, I know,
That it is in your kindness I become free!

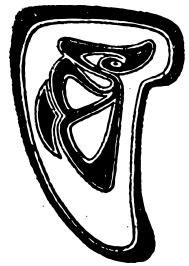
I become freer each day, as your responses reveal
Another moment, another smile, and again I feel -
Feel the care of those I love, and give joy to me:
For in all responses our words they show,
Show with patience, born in friendships flow,
That it is in our loving that we become three!

Each day, the mystery of our eternal love, reveals
Another freedom, another friend, and again I feel -
Feel the love from those who care, I care for thee:
For in the kindness of our words we show;
In the patience, born of friendship, I know,
That it is in our loving that we become free!

Recovering From Poetry

The Dymphna Poems

David Scanlon



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CHILDLIKE ACTIONS

Are we all not childlike, wishing,
Throwing our desires to the sky,
With the energy of our youth:
Dreams to be fulfilled, in flight;
Passion in the design of things,
Brought to life with action!

Maybe, just maybe, success,
In the flights of our fantasies
May follow the energies in life:
Dreams are now filled, free;
Passion exalted in things
Brought to life in action!

I have never lost childish wishes,
The desire to throw life to the sky,
With the energy of a life lived:
Dreams realised in loving;
Passion exhaled in the living
Brought to life in being!

THE LIGHTNESS OF CIRCLES

Yes, in our circle of life we are but the focus,
yet it is the radius of Family and Friendships
that makes us spin within our true emotions...
The cycles of our days, start and end,
The cycles of our life, start and end,
Loving moments shared are eternal!

Where is your focus, as your life circles?
Is it within the love and directness of care
which, sometimes, hurts - as truth can…
The emotions of being, start and end,
The emotions of life, start and end,
Loving moments shared are eternal!

Yes, in our circles of life, when love is our focus,
we go beyond the perimeter of those who care,
those that help the cycles spin with emotion…
The cycles of her days, start without end,
The cycles of her love, start without end,
After all circles have no beginnings nor ends....!

"The conspicuous honesty of mind
Requires constantly nurturing habits;
Moving beyond the chains.

Truth, consciousness and integrity;
Knowing what can not be known."

Iris Murdoch

Playlist for Poems (2025) Songs selected for the poems. A playlist inspired and for poetry. Art - Hilma Af Klint (1907) The Ten Largest. Adulthood No. 3 Group IV. The Paintings for The Temple.

DREAMING IN COLOUR

For Argha Nag and Sonia Garg; Thank You.

Where has all the colour gone from our lives,
Drained away in the living of the everyday
It is so easy to see the grey and darkness,
As we learn to speak without character,
Charm and eloquence, without flare and
The fluency which draws forth the colour.

Bounteous Majesty, as May blooms, speak,
Of the radiance that abounds and surrounds,
All of our days, all of our ways so may we see,
And learn to speak with her character,
Charm and eloquence, with her flare and
The fluency which draws forth the colour.

Here's to the ones that dream in full colour,
Who drain away the grey everydayness of living,
With the vibrancy and vitality of youthful play
So we can learn to see again character,
Charm and eloquence, and with flare and
With fluency again draw forth the colour.

ENABLING FATE

Let there now be a tree, let it take thee,
With boundless fun to become the one,
Who sees life beyond, and in living fond:
Of all the simple things which….
Of all the ample desires which….
Of all the friends who made thee!

It is in breaking rules, that we fools,
Become so free in the making of we -
We see life beyond and in living fond:
Of all the simple hobbies which…
Of all the ample skills which…
Of all the friends who accept fools!

So let's now create, not accept fate,
Let's all be the ones who create the fun,
Who live life beyond, and in love bond:
With the simplicity which makes us;
With the capabilities which take us;
With the friends who enable our fate!

TUTTO CIÒ CHE

Siamo quello che vediamo,
Siamo quello che sentiamo:
Oltre vedere e sentire -
Catturiamo un…
Un' essenza di…
Tutto Ciò Che È, e

Diventiamo quella che
Amano e altri desiderano:
Nel divenire e nel desiderare -
Teniamo fed ai…
Un' essenza di…
Tutto ciò che è stato.

Noi siamo quello che siamo,
Siamo quello che sappiamo:
Tra conoscenza e…
Aggrapparsi a tutti…
È un'essenza di...
Tutto ciò che è ed è stato.

IN THE SILENCE FREED

A Final Thank you: For Gwen and her gathered friends

Letters are written and words spoken:
From the silence of a reflective space;
Formed by the noise of made up play -
Weaving together the present,
With those who choose to stay,
Is still, for many, a delayed race!

In the sanctuary of the circled circle,
The safeness hides the hidden place,
Where the anger boils from within,
Without words finding a home,
Which we can then all place-in
The fears that we all do face.

Oh to find the ways without words,
Where silent, selfless, poetics bleed
Into a collective seeing of the truth;
When, being present to others,
We are not the perpetual sleuth
She is then, in the silence, freed.

AN ECHO'S HEALING SONG

Words have a way of betraying us,
Into the belief that we know us,
Without us ever becoming an us:
    For we believe in our own words,
    Without transcending. Her words,
    Chanting in the distance: an echo.

Echo's have a way of teaching us,
That it's possible to know of the us,
Within us, as an ever becoming us:
    For faith is the silence-of-words,
    Which, transcending in her words,
    Sing out from within and heal.

Self-healing is not a betraying of us,
It's the belief that we know of an us,
Without us ever becoming an us:
    For we must believe in our words,
    Letting the violence out in her words,
    Those songs of love, which echo.

ALLT SOM ÄR

Vi är vad vi ser
Vi är vad vi hör:
I att se och höra
    Vi fångar ett…
    En essens av…
    Allt som är, och..

Vi blir vad vi
Önskar och andra vill:
I att bli och önska -
    Vi håller fast vid…
    En essens av…
    Allt som någonsin var.

Vi är vad vi är,
Vi är vad vi vet
Mellan veta och…
    Håller fast på alla…
    Finnas en essense av…
    Allt som är och var.

ALL THAT IS

We are what we see,
We are what we hear:
In seeing and hearing -
    We capture an…
    An essence of…
    All that is, and..

We become what we
Wish and others wish:
In becoming and wishing -
    We hold onto…
    An essence of…
    All that ever was.

We are what we are,
We are what we know:
Between knowing and ..
    Holding onto all…
    Is an essence of…
    All that is and was.

I POUR IN MY BEING

I just pour in my being, my curious eyes,
And breathe; accepting without knowing,
Without fully escaping the darkness,
    And yet the light still shines;
    The songs still find my voice.
    Blindness enfolded with essence!

I just pour in my essence, my feeble voice,
And speak; loving without being loved,
Without fully appearing in the light,
    And so yes, the dark still burns;
    In seeing I will find my choice.
    Freedom unfolded with presence!

I just pour in my presence, my curious eyes,
And breathe; praising with a new faith,
Truth from within the darkness and light,
    Where the music of songs sing;
    The words I choose find their way,
    Vagueness enfolded in senescence!

SHAPED BY LOVE

You are always called by beauty,
Even when darkness is without,
For within is eternities silent light:
Words, which we poorly use,
Ignite the sparks between us
Sharpening and-or shattering

That which we can name. Seeing,
We speak with words which ne'er
Are close to finding the mystery:
Love, which we poor, know,
Keeps alive what is between.
I'm ignited and. And engulfed

By what I allow to just live and be!
Let in the darkness and the light,
For with it is an eternity of beauty:
Words, which she gives to me,
Are the sparks between us
Sharpened; shaped by love.

I SPEAK ABOUT WHAT IS GOOD

There is a sacred language, hidden,
Disguised in everything but image.
Even the abundance of soothing sounds
Falls short of the virtuous truths of art,
For in our noisiness we destroy all beauty.
In the silence of the act is community:
A coming together, in a silent expression,
Of the most divine elements of our being,
Our togetherness of hope.

Everyday words never draw us close,
For the divine is always between us,
It does not live within us, it is movement.
Science and literature draw other truths:
The truth that we and our words need.
Only in silent reverie do we ever see,
And then in arts act we move together
Within all that we can never truly know:
Our togetherness of love.

Living silently is not an easy choice,
In this our world of noisy worship;
Hollow words and their vacant sounds
Subdues all into a belief in their ways.
Only the few find words from the silence
But even they stumble and stutter of it;
For our truths require a silent sharing,
Where even the finest poets fall short: in
Our togetherness of silence.

NEW BORN WAYS

For Lauren and John: New Generations Born

We never fade, through Autumn's daze;
Enchanted by the rusting of the leaves,
Mirrored in the going down of the Sun.
The new born light gifts us peace,
As the generations grow again
From this bountiful fruiting place.

Gone now the hazy days and lazy ways.
The march of time never ends with us,
As our dreams beget more days ahead.
More smiles of joy bejewelled
By the incandescent love born
From a bountiful loving place.

Time past and time future is a dream.
But time in the present, ever elusive,
Is the only place where we feel alive.
Bathe in the gift of unbridled love.
Let the Autumnal light dazzle you
In the bounty of new born ways.

DESTROYED IN LOVE

The aching moon cries out,
"Help me find the light within."
Not in a mooning voice but..
In the silence I hear her
Eternal lament, darkness,
Filled with joyless love.

The laughing sun sings out,
"Hear me I am the light within."
Not in a sun-rising voice but..
From the silent words,
Eternal laments, lightness,
Filled with love ascending.

Within the sun and moon's cry,
I am wholly connected, pulled,
Moved and in this very moment
In the deepest silence one,
Am I, destroyed in awakening,
Filled with transcendent love.

SALVAGING JOY

Do we now live by the Governance of buffoons,
Polite and clever parrots of deadening party lines,
That must be designed to deliberately alienate?
When the money has all but gone,
All the political experiments are over,
All we are left with is fanatic intolerance.

The cradles of democracy are down, war is up,
Disbelief that we make a difference pacifies us
Into the stupefying indulgences of the few:
We perform in our peace-filled ways,
All our desires, lost in faithlessness,
Erode the tinged-wings of our soul.

I am now intolerant of all this, my tolerance,
My acceptance that we can no longer change,
No longer find ways to embrace the poetic:
Hate may be building but so is love,
An eternity of humanities creativity
Cannot be wrong - let us salvage joy.

POETIC INABILITY

I do not know what more to say,
I have given up the energy of play,
Dismayed at the lies of your way:
You promised me something else!
I have become lost in a madness,
Not of my making but my inability…

To find any words that do a justice
To the beauty which this, our trust is,
Now laid bear in everyday practice:
I promised myself something else!
To stay close to truth in the madness,
Remaining in the foolishness of inability …

And refresh within the silent mystery,
Everyday seeing and hearing history
Being made from roots of this, our tree:
I promise you something else!
I will keep on exploring the madness,
Of my own making - poetic inability!

A CHEEKY SMILE

You sang with prayers, a cheeky smile
Playing across the barren landscape,
Of the uncertain harmonies with words:
But it is your words that will last,
As your presence now dwindles,
And the images just fade away.

It was not at that moment I saw again
The freshness of a voiceless love, that
Always present moment locked within:
But is was a starting of an end,
As if in the words was a re-birth,
A wordlessness that never fades.

Oh to whisper with a cheeky smile,
A finding of the child within, speaking
With loves released harmonic words:
Is this now the beginning or end,
As all new words are a re-birthing,
A choice that easily fades away.

MOURNINGS OF ETERNITY

Fear weeps behind a thousand doors.
As the power of Autumn daylight fades,
The coldness of unknown rivers surge.
After this morning turned into an eternity,
Pines and cypresses darkened upon the plain.

After Wang Wei (701-761 AD). (行哭度千門)

行哭度千門。
秋日光能澹,
寒川波自翻。
一朝成萬古,
松柏暗平原。

IN THE MOVEMENT OF LOVE

For Sarah; Inspired from Love.

I have a thousand words for love,
Each coming from myriad moments:
Moments from the maddening mayhem;
Accumulated from the fear and hatred
And beauty and from a restless souls
Forgiving heart, that never fails to see
And hear, from the silence a crying out.

Tears do not pass upon a thieves birth:
For in the separation from an I is a we -
The place where joy-filled belonging is,
Where the peace of timeless praise sings
From the eternal timeless place of us all,
A place that can be called truly human.
The rest are all our animal instincts.

Together now, in the tranquility of being,
More words come for love, out of fear:
The words that cannot be spoken sing,
Sing for all that is pure and pristine and
Transient in the goings-on of everyday.
Some days and times call forth words.
In the noticing is the movement of love.

WORDS RE-BORN

I am stopped in my tracks,
Word-washed and worn,
No longer awaiting-wishes:
Wonderment within,
Awoken from without,
Words ache to be born.

Before we begin we are,
Word-washed and worn,
Wondering and wandering:
Wandering within,
Unwoken from without,
Time aching and torn.

She stopped all the clocks.
Love-washed and warm,
I wandered into her arms:
Wonderment within,
Awoken from without,
Words are now reborn.